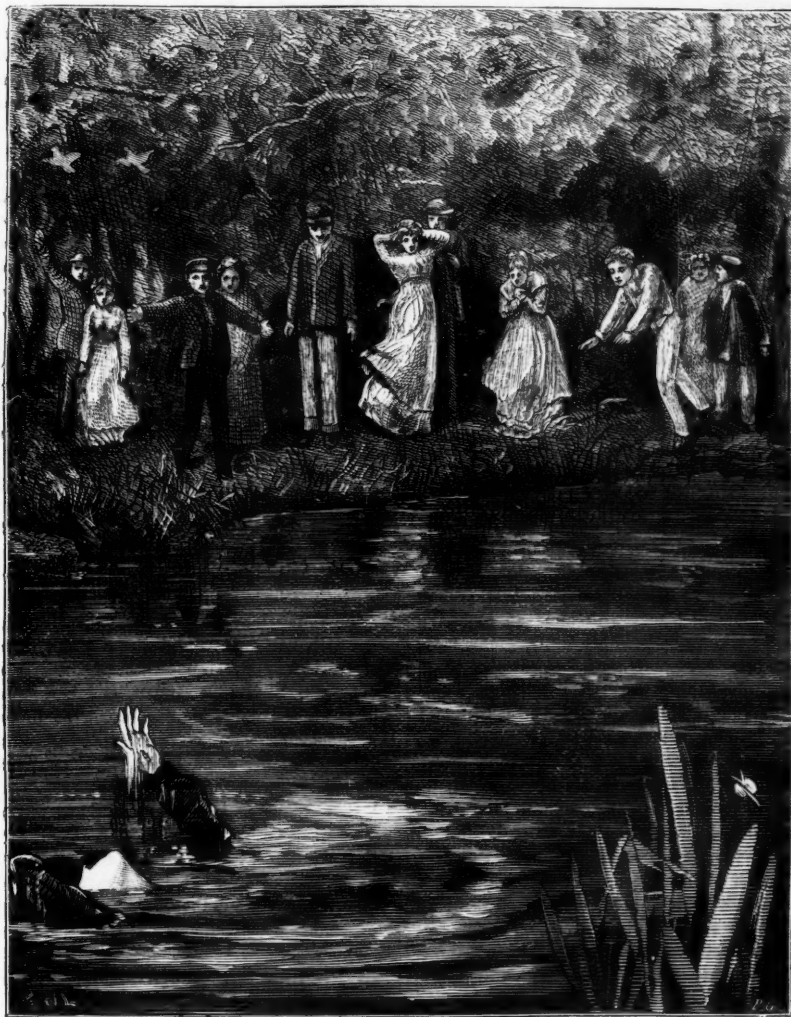


THE QUIVER

Saturday, January 6, 1872.



"There was a sudden movement among the white-faced crowd"—p. 211.

HIS BY RIGHT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," "JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—AN EQUESTRIAN PARTY.

ON the morning that Cyril took his journey to Chesterdale, an equestrian party left Chadburn Court, consisting of Lucy, the Honourable Augustus Appleby, and Miss Priscilla; Lady Chadburn, Sir Richard, and Lady Bradbury accompanying them in the carriage, with the unexpected addition of the Honourable Miss Katherine, who at the eleventh hour, when the horses were being brought round, had

astonished them all by expressing her intention of taking a seat in the carriage instead of going on horseback. This sudden caprice seemed the more unaccountable as it was known that she was enthusiastically fond of the saddle. The truth was that she resented the absence of Cyril, and was discontented about everything.

By previous arrangement they were met on the road by Lieutenant Ainsworth and his sister Charlotte, with their younger brother Tom, a tall, slender youth of seventeen, who had a passion for mischief and fun, and made a point of imitating Frank in all that was possible. Lucy Chadburn, mounted on her favourite "Dasher," rode by the side of the Honourable Augustus, listening with commendable patience to the talk in which egotism was so largely infused as to become quite wearisome.

One result of the meeting with the Ainsworths was a change in their positions, much to the disappointment of the Honourable Mr. Appleby, who found himself the cavalier of Miss Charlotte Ainsworth, whose laughing blue eyes and lively piquant manner would have succeeded in reconciling him to his lot, if his attention had not been divided between Lucy and the lieutenant. It was inexplicable to him how those two always managed to drift together, whether the occasion was an evening party, a croquet gathering, or a pic-nic. He always noticed on the part of young Ainsworth the same remarkable ingenuity in improvising opportunities, and turning them to account. On the present occasion it was a problem to him how Miss Charlotte's brother had managed to change places with him—an exchange that seemed perfectly satisfactory to the young lady, to judge by her bright smile, and the animated tones that reached him as they passed, cantering gaily side by side. In spite of his vexation, and some incipient twinges of jealousy, he could not but admire the skill and offhand good humour with which Frank had carried his point.

"Hang it!" he said mentally, as he tightened the rein of the spirited horse which Sir Richard's stables had placed at his service that morning, "I'm half inclined to wish I had not come to Chadburn, or that the navy was not represented here. Cyril must be wrong about his sister having no prior preference, for it is clear that young fellow is in an advanced stage of spooneyism, and if I am not much mistaken she knows it. Pris hinted something of the kind to me after the croquet party, and she's pretty shrewd. I wish the fellow was safe at sea; but there, I don't mean to let the disappointment injure my digestion. Augustus Appleby's attentions are not at a discount with the sex, others will not be insensible if she is, and Miss Ainsworth is a very pleasant companion for a morning's ride."

With this consoling reflection he turned to answer some lively remark of Miss Charlotte's, who was beginning to fancy herself neglected by the gentle-

man, and was much inclined to resent his abstraction as something particularly stupid and uncomplimentary to herself.

Miss Priscilla Appleby and Tom Ainsworth brought up the rear of the riding party. The susceptible youth was much flattered by the gracious manner in which his efforts for her entertainment were met by the lady. He was dazzled by her beauty and elegance, which impression was so naively conveyed in his manner, that it kept the town belle in good humour during the whole of their ride. The simple boyish admiration pleased her. It was a new kind of homage, and had all the charm of freshness. Before they were half-way to the castle ruin, which it had been proposed they should visit, she found herself actually interested in the future glories of the Chesterdale Eleven, of which body of cricketers Tom was a distinguished member. The young gentleman had a taste for natural history, and as a further proof of his growing esteem and confidence, he entertained the dark-eyed Priscilla with an animated description of some of his treasures, setting the final seal to their friendship by the tempting offer of a rare specimen of lizard, upon which he set high value, but which the young lady declined with thanks, and a very perceptible shiver.

Sir Richard seemed better that morning, and exerted himself to talk to Lady Bradbury, whom he liked better than either of her sisters. Perhaps because she was more unaffected and real. Lady Chadburn and Miss Appleby were thus left to entertain each other—another unfortunate conjunction, for the young lady soon succeeded in infecting the elder with her own mental disquiet and discontent. The truth was that Miss Katherine was soured by the morning's disappointment, and her loss of the ride which the others were enjoying so thoroughly. It was not long before an opportunity offered for the indulgence of her acrid humour. It occurred after their meeting with the Ainsworth party.

"Poor Augustus, how disappointed he will be!"

This was said by Miss Katherine, in half soliloquy, with a significant glance towards the group of equestrians. With her usual quickness, Lady Chadburn caught the glance and the words, and leaning forward, whispered, "What is that about Poor Augustus being disappointed?"

At first there was an attempt to parry the question; but being pressed for an explanation, the young lady answered, "He will be disappointed in having to resign to another what he covets for himself. I know, for I am in his confidence," she added, with emphasis on the last words.

"My dear, you speak in enigmas."

"Do I? then your ladyship has the solution there;" and the speaker indicated with a glance Frank Ainsworth and Lucy, who were cantering forward in advance of the rest.

Lady Chadburn looked, and understood. Again, as

in their meeting among the Swiss mountains, Cyril's hint about Frank Ainsworth flashed across her mind; but this time it was not disregarded or lightly thrust aside.

CHAPTER XLI.

FOR DEAR LIFE.

"Oh! save her, Mr. Chadburn—save her, save her!"

Moved by this passionate appeal from the one woman of all others whose good opinion he longed to win, Cyril's first impulse was to dash to the river-brink; the words "oh! save her!" ringing in his ears, and stirring in his heart an emotion that was new to him. Under the spur of that first generous impulse, he was prepared to plunge in to the rescue, and thus expiate many sins of selfishness by the one brave act of humanity, that would have made him a hero to Bessie Grant, and secured him her admiration and esteem. But he paused on the brink, and hesitated as he looked at the struggling form, and let his gaze rest on the deep dark water that might so soon be a fellow-creature's grave—hesitated, not from want of mere physical courage, nor the ordinary qualities that enable men to face danger, but a deficiency of the finer principle that was needed to make him equal to such noble abnegation of self.

Again he felt his arm grasped, and was again thrilled by the sound of her wild pleading—"Oh, Mr. Chadburn, save her! see, she is going down again. Oh, Phoebe—Phoebe! dear Phoebe! will no one save her?"

He loosed his arm from her grasp, saying, hurriedly, "Calm yourself, Miss Grant, pray calm yourself. I am not what you call an expert swimmer, but I will do my best in another way; there are others here who can swim: I dare not leave you."

She heard the words, but her mind did not grasp their true sense, until she heard Cyril shouting to the people, who had not yet recovered from the paralyzing effect of the panic which had spread among them on the first alarming scream—"I will give ten—twenty pounds to any man who will save that girl."

It seemed to Bessie that her sense of hearing was distracted by a noise like water bubbling in her ears, but through all came his voice sounding far off.

A murmur ran through the crowd, but none came forward. The shout was repeated: "I will give thirty pounds!" still there was no response. Bessie's fingers pulled convulsively at the fastening of her cloak; Phoebe had risen again to the surface, and she fancied she heard a gurgling, gasping cry from the water, imploring the help that did not come. The sound roused her almost to desperation; she knew it could not last much longer, that terribly unequal fight with death—that every moment's delay was lessening Phoebe's chance for life, and making it a

feeble struggle. There was intense excitement among the people who looked on; some of them ran aimlessly to and fro, impotent for anything but expressions of sympathy. There was a loud lamenting over the sad accident, and much excited talking, but there was no action—nothing done for the rescue of the precious life which a few more of those wasted minutes would place beyond human help.

Bessie stood on the river-brink, her hands clasped tightly together; she looked as if nerving herself for some desperate act. There were those among them whose hearts caught a sudden thrill as they heard her passionate cry: "Will no one try and save her? She is drowning—drowning before our eyes! Oh that I was a man! oh, Phoebe, Phoebe!"

"Take care, Miss Grant, for goodness' sake take care!"

It was Cyril Chadburn who whispered this hurriedly in her ear, and his hand that drew her back, for he fancied she was about to rush into the river. Bessie resisted, conscious of a new feeling of recoil from the man to whose humanity and gallantry she had appealed in vain.

At that moment there was a sudden movement among the white-faced crowd; then a dark figure plunged into the river; there was a slight attempt at a cheer, which was followed by a dead silence. The cause of this excitement was a new arrival, who had pushed his way through the crowd, putting one or two hurried questions to those who stood near him; then, with a rapid glance that took in the whole scene, without a pause or an instant's hesitation made one bold leap, just at the critical moment when the blindly-beating hands relaxed, and gave up the unequal struggle, and the dark head went down for the last time, a few bubbling eddies being the only trace that was left of the ghastly victory. It was then that excitement reached its climax, when the gallant swimmer dived out of sight, and nothing was seen but the gleaming river, on which the sunshine danced so merrily, while the awestruck crowd waited and watched, with streaming eyes and bated breath. To Bessie's overwrought nerves the suspense was unbearable, a burning bar seemed to clasp her throbbing temples as she stood dumbly praying that the brave preserver might not have come too late.

A few seconds later, a loud and prolonged cheer rang from the crowd, as the swimmer rose to the surface, bearing the lifeless body of the young girl, and fighting against the tidal current, which was running strong and swift.

There was another breathless pause of expectation, as the eager-eyed watchers saw him struggling under the weight of the inanimate form, and realised that the battle with death was not yet won. Strong and skilful as he seemed to be, he might not be able to bear that exhausting strain of nerve and sinew. What if he gave way under his burden before he could reach the bank? Bessie shuddered, and pressed

her hands over her eyes to shut out the scene, for it seemed to her that the swimmer was getting gradually lower in the water, and the hush of the crowd told her that the struggle might yet end in the death of both. To her the uncertainty and forced inaction were terrible; it seemed cruel to stand there and wait the issue that would be life or death. Phoebe's agonising cries for help still rang in her ears, and the look in her wildly-imploping eyes still haunted her. She stood there listening, as if her own life depended upon the issue, but she could hear nothing save the throbbing of her own heart. She dared not take her hands from her face, though the continued silence of the crowd was becoming unbearable.

"Oh! how will it end?" she murmured passionately to herself.

The answer came a moment later in a deafening cheer, such as men give when some terrible strain of anxiety is suddenly relaxed. It echoed along the river-banks, and was taken up by those on the bridge. Cheer after cheer burst from the crowd, as the brave swimmer bore his burden safe to land, and laid her down on the green turf, tenderly as though he had been placing a babe on its mother's breast. Many of those who crowded round, strong men who had shrunk back and hesitated from fear or cowardice, would be all the better for the gallant unselfish deed of which they had been witnesses that day.

"She is not dead; quick! she must be carried to the nearest place where she can have a bed, cordials, and plenty of hot blankets. Never mind me, give your care to her—every moment is precious."

The speaker was the man who had just risked his life, and was giving hurried directions to those around him, apparently unconscious that he had done anything to make him a hero.

It was at that moment Bessie Grant reached the spot, followed by Cyril Chadburn, whose presence she seemed to have forgotten in her excitement—reached it in time to hear that reassuring voice, and, to her utter amazement, recognise in Phoebe's preserver Gerald Darley.

CHAPTER XLII.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

"WELL, Bessie, how is she?"

"Better; everything has been done according to your instructions."

"That's right; and now I must try and bring back the colour to your face. I am afraid this accident has done you more harm than it has done her."

"Oh, Gerald! how can you say so?"

"Because it's a fact; why, you look as if you could scarcely stand."

"Nonsense, Gerald, you are making fun of me."

"Am I, Miss Wiseacre?" And getting up from his chair he strode across the room to where she was

standing, and took hold of her wrist, at the same time looking attentively into her white face. As soon as his fingers touched her throbbing pulse, he exclaimed, "Ah! I thought so."

"Thought what, Gerald?" asked Bessie, giving him a surprised look.

"That your pulse was beating almost double time. You silly thing, to excite yourself like this. Phoebe will be quite well to-morrow; but I cannot say the same of you. Come, try and forget all about it, and entertain me. I suppose if Phoebe wants anything she can ring."

"I left her asleep, with her mother sitting by her. Oh, Gerald! if you had seen Philis when the poor girl was first brought home, and watched as I did the look that came into her eyes when she understood what had happened, and realised that but for you she would have had no daughter to comfort her in her old age—if you had heard her as she prayed God to bless you, Gerald, it would have gone to your heart, as it went to mine. I should not hear you trying to make light of this morning's noble deed."

Bessie spoke earnestly, as she felt, her face brightening as she recalled the event which would make that day always to be remembered. She had just stolen down from Phoebe's room to give her report to Gerald Darley. There was no danger now, they all knew that. Thanks to the prompt and skilful treatment of the young doctor, and the vigorous constitution of the girl, her recovery had been placed beyond anxiety, even before her removal to Abbey House. But for Bessie the excitement of the morning was not yet past, it seemed to be still palpitating through every chord and fibre of her sensitive organism; her highly-strung nerves were still vibrating to the intense strain of that interval of suspense on the river-bank. Even with Phoebe's sleeping face before her she could not help living over again the scene of that terrible struggle, and brave rescue. Her mind was so busy with the chief figures in the foreground that it overlooked Cyril Chadburn, suffering him for the time to pass quietly aside. When the thought of him did obtrude itself, she put it back, as if by tacit agreement with herself to suspend her verdict about the man who had been that day so signally put to the test and found wanting.

They were standing before the window, which served as a quaint frame for the two figures. Bessie, with her upraised face full of shifting light and colour, and her hair netted into a kind of silky web, not half strong enough to confine the glossy mass, which here and there overflowed in vagrant curls, looked subtly attractive, though she wore nothing but the homely house dress of grey stuff, which extravagant Philis often declared was too shabby for anything. Gerald, with his fine head slightly bent, looked at her, and listened with an absorbed attention that was flattering in itself, giving her a kind of

wholesale admiration, in his blind, masculine way, that accepted everything, from the demure white collar to the saucy little apron, that seemed a sort of contradiction to its sedate simplicity.

So they stood together in the grey twilight of the closing autumn day, and so they were seen by Lewis Darley as he passed up from the gate on his return from the city, whither he had gone on business connected either with repairs of property or bond securities. In common with many of his class, Lewis Darley often found that his wealth and extensive property entailed a corresponding burden of cares and anxieties. He was even meditating a journey to London on an important business matter which he thought would be all the better for his personal supervision.

The sight of those two standing together at the window evidently pleased the old man, for after gazing at them for a moment he hurried into the house saying softly to himself, "This fulfils one of my wishes. I find Gerald has taken me at my word, and makes a point of running down here whenever he has a day's leisure. I like his way of taking us by surprise, and dropping down upon us without any fuss or ceremony. It is just the sort of thing to make his visits attractive to a girl. But there is one thing about which I should like to satisfy myself. I have some uncomfortable ideas concerning Dr. Ward's daughter. I believe that young person has designs upon her father's assistant; but somehow I don't think she has made much progress, for I notice lately that whenever Gerald is here, he adroitly manages to leave my society for Bessie's, no doubt thinking all the time that I am quite unconscious of his little bit of strategy."

The old man did not interrupt the tête-à-tête going on at the window, but went direct to his room. He had not heard of the accident that had nearly ended in the death of one of the inmates of Abbey House, having left home shortly before they had returned. Thinking it would be politic to leave the young people together a short time longer, he decided to finish some correspondence before he joined them.

Bessie's words had called a grave look into the face of the young doctor. It might have been one of rebuke but for the indescribable softening of his deep voice, doubly impressive because it was so unlike the brisk practical tones which he reserved for the every-day business of life.

"Bessie, you mistake me, I do not make light of the occurrence of this morning, that would seem to imply on my part a want of recognition of the sacredness of human life; I only mean that you overrate my part in it, and unduly exalt a common act of humanity, for I did nothing that any Englishman would not have done for a fellow-creature in a time of such peril."

"I deny it, Gerald; that river-bank was crowded with men before you came—strong men, and Englishmen, who looked on and did nothing. I saw

them, craven faces and craven hearts, that held back and would have let her drown. Oh, how it made me long to leap in as you did, and I think I should have done so had I not been stayed by a—I had almost said, gentleman. Oh, it was terrible to stand there and see her fighting for life, and hear her cries for help. Oh, how I wished I was a man, Gerald, if only to rescue her and shame those cowards as you did."

Gerald thrilled under her words and the look that passed like an inspired light into the beautiful brown eyes. His heart involuntarily caught some of the feeling that stirred in her. He could not tell which moved him most—the passionate excitement of her manner, or the sight of her face, with its pathetic play of expression. He smiled upon her, in the way that she liked to see Gerald smile, as he said, "I admit it must have been very trying to stand and see her dying, and feel yourself unable to render any assistance, which must have been the case of others beside yourself, my dear cousin; it is very probable that many of the men were unable to swim."

"There was not one there worthy the name of a man, Gerald—not one, they were all cowards, and they would have let her die, but for you. Poor Philis, what a hero she has made of you, Gerald."

"You will make me quite vain, Bessie. I am afraid I shall be obliged to shorten my visit, or I shall be found smothered with compliments before to-morrow morning. But speaking seriously, Bessie, the less said about heroes and such things the better, when talking about me."

Bessie gave him a look, which to him, seemed to say, "Don't talk such nonsense," but it was evident she had not been a very attentive listener, for she half murmured to herself, "I wonder what uncle will think when he hears about it."

"I wish I could persuade you not to tell him, Bessie."

"Why, Gerald, he has a right to be told."

"Can't see it, my dear cousin."

"Can't you? I don't wonder at that, Gerald."

"You satirical little thing, what do you mean?"

Bessie laughed for the first time since the accident, a little silvery laugh that did Gerald good, for he had felt more uneasy about her than he cared to acknowledge.

"You must find out for yourself, sir."

"Thank you, Miss Impertinence. Perhaps you will condescend to answer a question I asked you just now, whether you saw Phoebe fall into the water."

"While I consider whether I will or not, you tell me if you recognised her before you jumped into the river?"

"It would have been impossible, Bessie, for I only caught a glimpse of her head as it sank beneath the water; but even if I had seen her face, I doubt if

I should have recognised it, for I was too much excited."

"Oh, Gerald! if I had known it was you."

"There—there, Bessie, don't recall the scene. Did Phoebe tell you the cause of the accident?"

Bessie explained that, from what Phoebe had been able to tell of herself, it appeared that a little girl had let her hat fall into the river, and while trying to reach it for the child, Phoebe had slipped, and being unable to regain her footing, had fallen in.

"I think you told me you did not see the accident happen?"

"No, I was a little in advance, talking to a friend whom I had met a few minutes previously."

"And that friend, I presume, was Mr. Cyril Chadburn?"

"It was."

She resented the scrutinising look that pointed his words, and answered laconically, thus helping to confirm certain suspicions that were shaping themselves in his mind concerning herself and Cyril Chadburn, and tending still further to mislead him with regard to their own relative positions.

Further conversation was here prevented by Lewis Darley, who had grown tired of waiting. He now came in softly and silently as though he had been one of the dusky evening shadows of which he seemed to form a part.

(To be continued.)

THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

I.—THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST (Acts ii. 1—13).

WHEN, forty days after his resurrection, the Lord Jesus went up on high, he bade his disciples return from Olivet to Jerusalem, and "wait out the promise of the Father;" instead of perplexing themselves with questions as to the times and seasons of his return, they were to expect the coming of the Holy Ghost; instead of inquiring when the kingdom was to be restored to Israel, they were to prepare themselves for carrying the good tidings of the kingdom to the very ends of the earth. They had not long to wait. When ten days had passed, so soon as "the day of Pentecost was fully come," the promise of the Father was fulfilled.

The word *pentecost* means "fifty." The Feast of Pentecost fell fifty days after the Feast of Passover. On the second day of Passover a sheaf of first-fruits was presented before the Lord, to commemorate the commencement of harvest. Fifty days afterwards, on the Feast of Pentecost, loaves made from that year's wheat were laid on the altar, to celebrate the completion of the harvest. This chronological fact suggests a spiritual parable. For the Lord Jesus, "*the first-fruits* of them that believe," was offered unto God at the Passover Feast; and now, at Pentecost, God offers to man, by the ministry of the Spirit, "*the bread of life*."

The ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ was the final conclusive proof that his humanity had been raised, transfigured, glorified by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. In his glorified flesh, in his "spiritual body," he saw God, rising through the clouds that he might go to his Father. And now a similar transformation was to commence on "his body, the Church." The Holy Spirit was to be poured out on all flesh; and, as the earnest and

prophecy of the redemption of the whole world, the apostles, with the hundred and twenty believers of Jerusalem, joined, no doubt, by many disciples who had come up from Galilee for the Feast, are "filled with the Holy Ghost." Just as at his baptism, the Divine Spirit had descended on the Lord Jesus, and abode with him, so it now descended on them that were his; and in them it was to pass through all the stages of the glorious progress through which it ran in him, until *their* flesh were purged from its corruption, and *they* could see God and dwell with Jesus in glory everlasting. And this hope, this bright prospect, have all his saints.

When the disciples returned to Jerusalem, Christ's parting benediction making music in their souls, they betook themselves to "*the upper room*" in which they had last communed with him, going from thence to the Temple, so often as it was open, to praise and bless God.* By prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, they had prepared themselves to receive "*the promise*;" they were as earthen vessels, cleansed by prayer, waiting for the influx of the Heavenly Spirit. On the day of Pentecost, very early in the morning, they were still waiting, still praying with one accord, in the house endeared to them by many memories of their Master's presence. Suddenly there came a mighty voice from heaven, rushing, like a furious blast, through the city towards the house in which they were sitting; a vivid flame burned in the air above their heads, which parted and shot, now in this direction, now in that, till a bright cloven tongue of fire sat on each of them. The terrible mysterious sound drew a large and motley crowd of Jews and proselytes, devout men from every nation under heaven, to their door, who gazed with astonish-

* Luke xxiv. 50, 53; Acts i. 13, 14.

ment on the bright flaming tongues, and whose amazement grew and deepened as the assembled believers, roused to ecstasy, began to chant in many dialects the wonderful works of God. To some of the multitude it seemed Babel broke loose again; others of them resented it as the wild prank of shameless drunkards; a few were impressed with a sense of spiritual mystery and hope.

These, briefly stated, were the outward phenomena and circumstances of that great effusion of the Holy Ghost which fulfilled "the promise of the Father." They are very notable and suggestive. The *wind*, which bloweth where it listeth, and the searching cleansing *fire*, are constant symbols of the Divine Spirit. That the wind should sound like a "voice," and the fire assume the form of "tongues"—this is peculiar to the narrative before us. The "air"—and wind is but air in motion—is the vital element, inspiring which we live, and is therefore an appropriate symbol of the Holy Ghost, apart from whose inspiration we have no true life. And because the Holy Spirit, in order that it may quicken life, must destroy—because transformation implies and involves destruction—because we are set free for holy service only as the evil bonds which fetter and degrade us are consumed, "fire" is also an appropriate symbol of the Holy Ghost. That, on the day of Pentecost, the wind should become a *voice* denoted, doubtless, that the Spirit came on the disciples in order that they might *speak*; to move them to a distinct emphatic proclamation of the good tidings of great joy, to a verbal utterance of the truths diffused, like the general air, through every land and every breast. That the wind came with a *mighty rush* indicated the wonderful force and impetus of their proclamation of the Word, the extraordinary success with which they should speak to the general conscience and heart, the immense scope and reach of their ministry. That the fire should take the form of *tongues*, many and diverse, indicated that the one word and voice of God was to be heard in all languages, address itself to all needs, become intelligible to every heart. Henceforth, the influence of the Holy Divine Spirit was to be broad and swift as the air which rushes round the entire world, yet distinct and emphatic as a living voice; it was to be keen and searching as the pungent fire, yet definite and explicit as the tongue of man.

But let us ask a little more exactly, "What was the form which this gift of the Holy Ghost assumed in the apostles and their brethren?" The form it took was this: "They began to speak with other tongues, according as the Spirit granted them to speak." Now, it would seem simply incredible that these "other tongues" denote simply an ecstatic rhapsody, such as has been heard in modern times, an outpouring of spiritual excitement in mysterious, unknown terms, in sounds incapable of being

reduced to any language spoken among men. The sacred history expressly declares that the multitude heard "every man the language (or *dialect*) in which he was born." Whatever those may say, therefore, who wish to reduce the miraculous element of Scripture to a minimum, we can only believe that the disciples were, for the time, made to speak in foreign languages which they had never learned—to speak them with a precision and an accuracy which enabled every man in the crowd to recognise the peculiarities of his native dialect.

But if this gift of various speech was conferred on the Church on the day of Pentecost, was it a transient or a permanent gift? To suppose it permanent, to suppose that the whole Church now acquired various languages which they afterwards used in preaching the Gospel, is as difficult, as impossible, as to suppose that they never had the gift even for a moment. For the time they spoke as the Spirit granted them to speak. But even they themselves may not have understood the very words they uttered. For, in discussing this gift of tongues, St. Paul affirms that many could "speak in a tongue" who could not "interpret," and declares that for himself he would rather speak "five words *with the understanding*," than "ten thousand words *in a tongue*." He affirms also that "tongues are for a sign, not to them who believe, but to them who believe not." It seems to have been thus on the day of Pentecost. All the believers spoke with tongues, but what they said produced, so far as we are told, no good moral effect, produced nothing but "amazement" and "doubt" in the multitude. St. Peter, *speaking with the understanding*, as well as with the Spirit, has to "interpret" them, to explain what the wonder meant—that it was "a sign to them that believed not," a sign that Joel's prophecy was fulfilled, and that the Spirit of God had come down to dwell with men.

Nor, in the subsequent history of the Church, have we a single trace that even the apostles had the power of preaching in languages which they had not learned. We have hints that they could not. Paul and Barnabas seem to have been unable to speak in the dialect of Lycaonia. And St. Paul, who "spoke in a tongue more than them all," expressly assures the Corinthians* that he who spoke in a tongue, spoke *not to men*, but to God, for *no man understandeth him*; the man himself often could not understand himself, and therefore he was not to speak in church unless an interpreter were present. In short, all we can certainly conclude from the Sacred History is (1), that there was vouchsafed to the infant Church a sudden inspiration, in virtue of which they uttered the praise of God, chanted his "wonderful works" in various languages and dialects, previously, and perhaps at

* 1 Cor. xiv. 2, 23.

the time, unknown by them; and (2) that this power of speaking other tongues was not a constant endowment, nor designed to facilitate the preaching of the Gospel in foreign lands.

If any ask, "Of what value, then, was this gift?" the answer is plain. It was a sign, a wonder, a miracle, calling and commanding the attention of an unbelieving world; it was as the ringing of the bells which summon men to worship and instruction.

"Of what was it a sign?" It was a sign, first, that the regeneration of the world, the transformation of all flesh by the Spirit of God, was happily begun. By that Spirit, given without measure to Him, the flesh of Christ Jesus was transfigured, glorified, raised from the dead, made meet for heaven, changed from a natural body into a spiritual body. A like transforming influence was now to pass on the Church, which is also "his body." And see, already, so soon as the Holy Ghost descends, the noblest physical organ of man, the organ of speech, is instantly glorified! the tongue, once "set on fire of hell," now glows with the pure fire of heaven, and ardent tongues, the outward symbol of the interior change, rest on every head! First of all, the word of man is to be made pure, speech is to be consecrated, the tongue is to show forth the glory of God. And then, organ by organ, member by member, the whole body is to be redeemed to his service, and raised to its ideal power. Nay, as the word is to the man what the fruit is to the tree, and good fruit proves the good tree, so these bright pure tongues of flame indicate that the whole man is already changed in the thought and purpose of God, that the glorification of his entire nature has commenced and will know no pause until it be complete.

Nor must we omit to mark the fact that they were "all filled with the Holy Ghost," that the tongues of fire "sat on each of them." We should mark that fact, if only because of the rebuke it suggests to the ecclesiastical and sacerdotal pretensions of modern times. Just as in the election of Matthias* to the apostleship the whole Church took part, and not simply the Eleven, so now the Holy Ghost "fills," not the apostles only, but the whole company of believers. It was when at least "the hundred and twenty" disciples of Jerusalem, and many Galilean disciples who had come up to the feast, "when they were all with one accord in one place," that the heavenly gift was bestowed. So that in the two first acts of the Christian Church—the election of an apostle and the proclamation of the wonderful works of God by the power of the Holy Ghost—the laity, no less than the priests (if the apostles were priests), rich and poor, wise and simple, bond and free, male and

female, gave their voices, and were recognised as occupying a common platform of privilege.

But, above all, we should mark this fact, because of the hope for humanity which it suggests. What class is beyond the reach of the Spirit of Christ, who is so degraded by vice, or so low in the world's esteem, as to be beyond the hope of redemption to glory, honour, immortality, if the refuse of Jerusalem, and the rude peasants of Galilee, might become temples and oracles of the Holy Ghost? The exclamations of the multitude show the estimation in which the first company of believers was held by the "devout men out of every nation under heaven."

Again, the wonder of the day of Pentecost was a sign that the confusions of Babel are to be reduced to a heavenly order, that the separations induced by the various languages of men are to be healed, as men are drawn age after age into the kingdom and fellowship of Christ. On the plain of Shinar, thinking to raise themselves above the reach of Divine judgment, to build a tower which no flood could drown, men had been smitten with a Divine judgment; their one language was broken into many dialects; they were divided and scattered over the whole earth. This curse is to be conquered by the blessing and gift of Pentecost. In the heavenly perfection of the kingdom none is to be unintelligible to his brother, or divided from him; the whole earth is once more to be of one language and one speech, of one mind and one heart.

Nor was the miraculous sign without a special meaning for the primitive disciples. Even yet they did not understand that they were to preach the Gospel to every creature. In their thought salvation, as it was of the Jews, so also it was first and mainly for the Jews. But this Pentecostal power of various speech, though it was not permanent, though as yet they did not comprehend its significance, was nevertheless a fresh sign to them that the truth and salvation of Christ were intended for all men; that it was their duty to proclaim the tidings of redemption, to utter the voice of Divine mercy, in every language and dialect of the sinful and divided earth.

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak in other tongues" "the wonderful works of God." Ah, gracious omen! when will it be wholly fulfilled, and the Pentecost, the festival of the world's completed harvest, arrive? Thank God, "though the promise tarry, it will come; it will not stop short." We must "wait out" the promise of the Father; but we may wait in the strength and patience of hope. For, just as that little company in Jerusalem chanted in many tongues the wonderful works of God, so in the end, the whole world, with its myriad tongues, will sing and give praise for the redemption God has wrought, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

SAMUEL COX.

* Acts i. 15, 23—24.



(Drawn by R. F. GALINDO.)

"His wondrous anthem sweet and clear"—p. 218.

THE POET'S CROWN.

HE sang of beauty, more than meets
The common eye, in common things;
From earthly bloom drew heavenly sweets;
To rushing thought gave angel-wings.

He sang of love in fervid strain—
His heart a very fount of love;
Of love and peace in endless reign,
Descending with the white-winged dove.

Of love, immortal even in dust,
And youth perennial, whence it grew;
He sang of hope, and joy, and trust,
And all things beautiful and true.

He saw the soul of things; his lyre
Caught music from the passing breeze;
For him, bright with celestial fire,
A glory hung o'er lands and seas.

He flew with planets in their cars,
And listened as they sang and shone;
He soared beyond the sun and stars
To sing beside the central Throne.

And listening thousands crowded near—
While o'er his harp he bent, and raised
His wondrous anthem sweet and clear—
And all his brilliant parts they praised.

They took and bore him to the height
Of fame, and shouted loud his praise;

They wreathed his brow with laurels bright,
And crowned him with immortal bays.

Ah, little thought the crowd, or knew,
His empty heart, his hopes and fears;
And how his wreathing crown but grew
When watered with his blood and tears!

They thought his rapt soul nearer heaven—
He lived, within, a life apart;
And he had longed, and loved, and striven
For love, close, beating heart to heart.

And when sore anguish in his breast
Rose like a torrent deep and strong,
He cried for sympathy and rest,
And poured his bleeding heart in song.

And little knew the shouting crowd
How keen his trembling soul in pain:
They saw the sunlit, veiling cloud,
And only heard the heavenly strain.

Ah, little thought the ravished throng
How grief had steeped his lonely years,
And wrought his heart's blood into song,
And music struck from sighs and tears,

While, as the dying swan, he drew
All hearts!—his thrilling descant rang
In sweet, wild notes; and no one knew
His heart was breaking while he sang.

J. HUIE.

ABOUT NELLIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY."

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a lady lodging in the same house with us—a middle-aged, simple woman—who had the two rooms above us, and stayed quietly in them, seldom or never going out. She had only taken them a month before the evening Daisy Stanton came to tea, and excepting once or twice when I had passed without noticing her, I had hardly seen her. Our visitor, however, had scarcely been gone an hour, when the landlady came in, saying that she thought Miss West was ill, would I come and see? I went up-stairs, and found her on a sofa, reviving from a sort of fainting-fit.

"It is nothing," she said, "only fatigue; but I am very much obliged to you, Miss Cowley. My head ached, that was all; but I am rather glad, since it has been the cause of making us acquainted with each other."

I sat down and chatted with her for a little while after she was better. She was quite a lady—I could

see that. She was not more than five-and-forty, if that, but she looked old, almost aged; as if she had left every vestige of her youth behind her such a long long time ago, and had found life's road a very weary way to travel.

"I know you and your sister quite well by sight," she said. "I have often sat at the window and watched you come home; I hope now the ice is broken we shall be more sociable neighbours."

"I hope so," I echoed politely, thinking that visitors were suddenly crowding upon us. So the acquaintance thus commenced progressed, and sometimes as she passed our door she would come in for a few minutes, and stay chatting. Thus we grew to be, as she had said, "sociable neighbours."

One evening she asked Nellie and me if we would go up-stairs and sit with her for an hour. We neither of us liked leaving our work; but we did not know how to refuse, and so went.

"I am so lonely sometimes," she said, when I had taken the easy chair opposite to her, and Nellie was

sitting on a stool looking into the fire, not listening much to our conversation—my little sister had grown silent and grave lately, but with a gravity in which there was no sign of care or trouble. "I am so lonely sometimes, Miss Cowley, that it is quite a charity to come and see me. All my sisters are married, and I am the old maid of the family, and they do not care much about me."

"But don't you ever stay with them?" I asked.

"Yes, sometimes," she answered, "but not often; I like being alone better. I'm very independent, and—I'm poor," she added, with a little bitter laugh. "My brother is the curate of St. Mary's," she said suddenly. "You know St. Mary's, don't you?"

"It is the church the Stantons go to," said Nellie, looking up quickly from her reverie.

"That is why I took these lodgings," she continued, not noticing the interruption, "to be near; he has no one else to look after him."

"Isn't he married then?"

"Oh no, my dear, he's too poor for that. He's only a curate with no interest, and I don't think matrimony ever enters his head."

"Why don't you live with him?" asked Nellie, looking up again,

"I like being alone better," she repeated. "It is very difficult to live with any one—even those we best love, and be contented; don't you think so? And Dawson (my brother) and I should never get on—I don't think we should, at least. I expect him for a few minutes this evening, that was partly why I asked you, I wanted you to see him."

He came presently; he was younger than his sister some four or five years, and his face had none of the careworn expression which characterised hers. I do not know what there was in it that fascinated me, but I know it did strangely. He was a tall man, with dark hair and soft kindly brown eyes; and there was a look of earnestness in his face—an expression of I hardly know what, but something that told you instinctively that he lived in his profession—that his work was a labour of love; something that made you long to know more of the religion which evidently was the foundation of his contentment.

"I am glad my sister has found some friends," he said. "Really my conscience was quite troubled about her. I am not able to give her much of my time, for my parish is a large and very poor one, and there is so much to do in it. Do you know, Miss Cowley," he said, turning to me, "I think I've seen you before? and your sister's face I know quite well. It was at the Academy I saw you. I always indulge in the Academy when I've time," and he laughed; "and I remember seeing you both, especially your sister."

"We were very often there," said Nellie, looking up at him. "How, strange, though, that you should know us again."

"And I don't often notice faces," he replied.

"Every one notices Nellie," I thought to myself that evening, after we had returned to our own rooms.

"He remembered Nellie, and but for her I don't suppose he would ever have looked at me." For the first time in my life I envied Nellie her sweet face and ruddy golden-brown hair. It seemed to me something to be grateful for to know that Dawson West had remembered and known her mouths after he had first seen her.

"Mary!" exclaimed Nellie the next morning, "here is a letter; fancy our having a letter! and I know what it is—it is the invitation to the party. It's Daisy's party, because she didn't have one on her birthday—that's why they are giving one at this time of year."

"I don't see how we can go," I said, playing with the formal card.

"Oh yes, we can," she said, eagerly; "we can manage it very easily, Mary dear, and the dress won't be any trouble or expense. You know you can wear mamma's black lace, and I don't care what I go in."

"But—" I began.

"But, Mary," she said, "do go; I will give you anything in the world if you will. I do so long to go, dear, I do indeed," and she stroked my face in the little patronising way which with her was a caress. "Only think, I've never been to a party in my life! You will go then, Mary, won't you?" So I was overruled, and for the next fortnight, for the first time in our lives, we had a party to think about. Once I had consented to go, I think I too looked forward to it a little. You see Nellie and I had never had the chance of going into any society, and so this was quite an event to us, and we planned and discussed and changed our minds about our dresses, though we could not afford to spend more than a few shillings on them, as often as if, instead of a simple party, we had been going to the Queen's drawing-room.

They were very happy, those days in which we lived together, Nellie and I, with that first party to look forward to, and with the future in which we expected such happiness to dream about—days which I look back on now almost as a dream, and wonder, having once known them, I could live on through the years when their brightness passed away. And yet we did not realise what they were then; but not staying to think how happy and how blessed was the present, looked out longingly to the vague, misty future—that future to which insensibly we so trusted, and in which, without giving expression to our thoughts, we expected and hoped so much. So it is with us all; we go on hoping and waiting, dreaming of the past, speculating on what is to come, heaping up huge "mounds of years before us and behind," but not once staying to recognise how pleasant and how peaceful is that Present which we let pass so unheeded of its beauty.

"I really thought the day never would come,"

Nellie said to Miss West, when it did at last arrive. "Time seemed positively to have grown spiteful, it went by so slowly. Only two hours more to wait now, and part of those will be occupied by dressing. Miss West, would you like to see us before we start?"

"Yes, I should very much," she answered, laughing at Nellie's childishness.

She was worth looking at too, as she stood in her plain white dress with a simple flower in her hair, with a flush of happiness on her face, and her sweet grave eyes full of excitement and animation.

"Let us come to Miss West at once, Mary," she said, when we were ready, "for it's time we started." We gathered up our skirts so that they did not touch the ground, and went slowly up the stairs, and knocked at the little sitting-room door.

"Come in," she said, and we entered, but I drew back, for Dawson West was sitting in the arm-chair by the fire.

"Oh, you don't mind my brother," she said, laughing, and he rose and shook hands with us, while Nellie blushed, and said she had intended to make an exhibition of herself solely for Miss West's edification.

We only stayed a minute, for we fancied we were late already.

"Good-bye," said Miss West to Nellie. "I am

sure you will enjoy yourself—you look it, and your dress is charming."

"Oh, but Mary's dress is the grandest; she has mamma's lace. I've been in raptures with her for the last hour. Mr. West, don't you think my sister looks delightful?"

"Yes," he said, a little absently, "delightful;" but he was looking at Nellie, and his eyes were resting on her coils of glistening hair while he spoke.

"You shouldn't have said that, Nellie," I said, a little crossly, when we were seated in the cab; "you made me feel quite awkward."

"Don't be angry, Mary," she answered pleadingly; "don't be angry with me to-night."

"I am never angry with you," I answered, looking at her, and feeling proud of her. How could I help feeling so? My little sister had never looked so lovely as she did to-night—not even in my eyes, and yet I thought I knew every expression in her face so well. Till to-night I had never seen the flush which was on it now, and the light which lingered in her eyes. "I am never angry with you, dear," I repeated, wondering a little at her beauty, and much that its owner should be mine—mine before every one in the world; my very own, part of my daily light and life.

(To be continued.)

THE SACRIFICE FORESTALLED.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice."—1 Sam. xv. 22.

IN the delicious land of Italy,
Where Nature's very prodigality
Seems to suggest the thought of sacrifice,
As though we could pay Heaven with a price
For all it gives to us—mid mountains hoary
Happened the event that makes my simple story.

Maria was the fairest maiden found
In all the beauty-haunted hamlet round.
So thought Pietro, whose one aim in life
Was to secure Maria for his wife.
Oft had he told the story of his love
Wandering at evening in some shady grove;
And often been assured her heart was given
Unto no earthly love, but vowed to Heaven.

For there, amid the olive-yards and vines
That mark the slopes of these fair Apennines,
Stood a religious house, where many a maid,
By life's hard battle in the world dismayed,
Sought her existence back to Heaven to give
By burying it in shades contemplative.
Vain hope! as though it were our highest plan
Thus to serve God by ceasing to serve man!

Maria saw the nuns, and heard their hymn
Uprising in deep night or morning dim—

Saw how the sisters' hearts seemed wholly given
To ceaseless meditation upon Heaven;
And seemed to hear a voice which bade her come
And join those maidens in their sacred home.
So all Pietro's early hopes were crossed—
Heartbroken, he had looked on her as lost;
Nor he nor parents dared to say her nay,
And now had come the last, the fatal day:
Maria to the world this hour must die—
To lover, parent, home, she bids good-bye.

The villagers made fête, and formed a crowd
In the small convent chapel, where was bowed
The village belle, in all her loveliness,
Habited in the simple bridal dress,
Type of her old life; soon to change for one
That marked the death in life that day begun.

The village priest—an old admirer he
(Though he had known he must love hopelessly,
Since on him lay the ban of cleric life
Exiling him from hope of home and wife)—
That youthful padre then stood up to say
The last few words on that strange wedding-day.
He praised in faltering terms the sacred fire
That made her to conventual life aspire,
Yet she should count the cost he did desire.

Then through her parted lips this answer went,
Like inspiration—"Yes, I do repent.
As from my soul the mists and darkness rise,
I see my duty now with clearer eyes;
God will not have me from my parents come,
God sends me back to dwell with them at home.
Nay, 'tis no human voice that thus could call
And bid me forge a stronger bond than all:
Pietro, stay for me this inward strife,
I'll be, as thou hast often asked, thy wife."

Great was the wonderment that fell on all
When thus Maria read her altered call;
Even the priests and sisters joyed to find

She spoke thus openly her inmost mind,
And hailed her sudden change a miracle!

Merrily then rang out the old church bell,
The whole assembly, with new ardour warmed,
Into a wedding-party was transformed.
Pietro and Maria vowed, before
That simple shrine, a love to end no more
Except with life. For bridal ready dressed
This morning's sequel little had she guessed.
She left the cloister for a truer life,
Happy at last as her Pietro's wife;
And they twain realised, in wedded love,
How more than sacrifice God doth approve
The living in this world a life this world above.

THE SPRIG OF HOLLY.

IT was only a faded, withered sprig; the leaves were dry and curled, and the berries all wrinkled, and no longer of a bright tea-colour. There it lay, on the smart dressing-table, amongst the red bottles, and close to the lace pincushion, on which was a handsome brooch—a large ruby set in gold.

The looking-glass was gay with white lace and pink bows; gilt candlesticks with wax candles, wreathed with holly that had bright green leaves and scarlet berries that looked as though they would never fade; but they were not real leaves or berries, only an imitation, and they would keep for years if they had a little gum brushed over them to brighten them up. The withered sprig was real, and had been as bright and shining as the wreaths only one short year ago. Only one year, and what change from youth and beauty to age and wrinkles! How out of place it looked and felt among those gay and beautiful things!

There was a lovely crimson rose in a tall, slender glass, and an ivory hairbrush with a Cupid engraved on the back of it. Then there lay, near the glass, a gold snake with diamond eyes, a tiny pink pair of gloves, and a lace pocket-handkerchief, and at the corner of the table, a large fan, partly open, showing Chinese ladies walking on roses. The holly looked at all these things and sighed. "I am the only shabby thing here," it said.

"Don't stick your thorns into my lace dress," cried the pincushion.

"I beg your pardon; I am very sorry," replied the holly.

"So you ought to be. I should like to know how such an old thing as you came amongst us."

"So should I," echoed the brooch; and the ruby shone in the light of the wax candles, brightening and glowing like a doctor's red lamp.

"You must have a story to tell us," whispered the

scent-bottles; and the candles flickered. A tremor ran through them; they did so like a story.

"Let us hear the story of your life," said the fan.

"Come, do begin; you can't be so rude as to refuse, when all the company ask you," said the pincushion.

"My adventures won't interest you," said the holly, sadly.

"They will me," whispered the damask rose.

The holly looked up at the beautiful rose, and then in the glass at its poor faded self. "I was young once," it sighed.

"No one would have thought so," sneered the pincushion.

"It's true, nevertheless," returned the holly.

"It must have been very long ago then," sneered the wreaths.

"Only a year."

"A year? Impossible!" cried all of them in a breath. But the rose was silent; she thought how she would look at the end of the year.

"Ah! I can well believe you," she said at length; "for every one knows all things must fade."

"What stories some people do tell," sneered the candle ornaments.

"My beauty will never fade," thought the ruby, with a satisfied look in the glass.

"Will you tell us your story?" said the candles, shyly.

"Hush! some one is coming," whispered the rose. The holly was silent, and looked in the glass.

The door opened, and in came a girl, who walked to the dressing-table, and said as she took up the things, "My gloves, fan, and handkerchief—that's right. Shall I wear the crimson rose? No, I'll not have any flowers; they are out of place at this season of the year." And out of the room she fitted, leaving the door partly open.

"That's our young mistress," said the scent-bottles.

"There's to be a grand party to-night," said the candles.

"I wish she would have worn me; I do so like to move in company," said the ruby brooch.

"She might just as well have taken me," hissed the snake bracelet.

"Well, I am glad I am left," said the rose, "for now I shall hear the holly's story; besides, I don't like the hot rooms—they make one feel faint."

"We are not all so delicate as you are," sneered the pincushion.

"Go on," snapped the fire; "do go on."

"Pray, who's to go on?" cried the pincushion.

"Why the holly; when is it going to begin?" asked the fire.

"Well, if you all want to hear my story, I'll tell it you. 'Tis a very old story, and perhaps you won't like it; but that won't be my fault. Shall I begin?"

"Yes, yes!" cried all of them but the glass. That said, "I'll reflect, I'll reflect."

"You can reflect while the holly goes on," said the brooch, rudely.

The holly went on—"Well, just five years ago, Frank Hayward went to sea. He is your mistress's cousin."

"We all know that," said the pincushion.

"Well, he went to sea——"

"And he came home four years after, and brought Miss Maude that beautiful shell on the drawers," cried the pincushion, all in one breath.

"If you interrupt me so, I can't possibly tell you my story," said the holly.

"Begin again," whispered the rose.

"Perhaps I had better tell you who I am first," said the holly.

"Yes, do," replied the rose.

"A large holly-tree grows out there on the lawn, and I was one of the young sprigs last year. I had not shot forth five years ago, when Frank parted with his cousin. They stood by our tree when they said good-bye to each other; and one of the old branches told me how they parted. Miss Maude was crying, because, you see, they had been playfellows, and she had no brother, and she would feel so lonely when Frank was gone, she said.

"Never mind, Maudie," said he, trying to comfort her, "I shall be back in four years."

"Yes, then it will be no use, for I shall be a grown-up young lady. Aunt says I am too old to play now, and I know she will never let me go birds-nesting with you then, Frank," sobbed Maude.

"Perhaps you won't want to go birds-nesting with me when you are a grown-up young lady," said Frank, smiling.

"Yes, I shall—you know I shall. And oh! boo-woo-ooo!" sobbed Maude, "I shan't have any one to help me with my lessons, or to beg me a day's holiday. I shall always be shut up with Miss Sticketon, and oh! I hate her!"

"Hush, Maude; it's very naughty for little girls

to hate their governesses," said Frank, smiling; "you know it says so in books, don't you, Maude?"

"I know; but I don't like her—she's so cross."

"You learn your lessons more perfectly, and you won't find her cross. You try and learn as much as you can—now promise me, Maudie."

"Very well, Frank, I'll try. But, oh! if you weren't going away!" and Maude bit her pocket-handkerchief, and looked the picture of misery.

"Frank was very fond of her, and as sorry as she was that they were going to part; but he knew he must go to sea, and that crying did no good, so he put his arm round Maude, and kissed her, telling her to dry her tears, and he would bring her something when he came back.

"Now, Maudie, what shall I bring you? shall it be a parrot?"

"Oh yes! please, Frank—a parrot with beautiful feathers, and a monkey that can perform wonderful tricks, and a squirrel, and an owl—do you think you can get me an owl, Frank? I should so like one; and a——"

"Oh, I think the parrot, monkey, squirrel, and owl are about as much as I can manage," said Frank, laughing. Then he added, "What are you going to give me?"

"I have given you my photograph, and I've nothing else to give you. But, oh! I know; I'll give you a piece of holly, and when you come back you must give me a piece off this tree—will you?"

"Yes," laughed Frank. "And now give me mine and let's go in."

"She picked him a piece, and they walked slowly to the house. Four years after this he came back; but he found his cousin very much altered, which disappointed him, for he was stupid enough to fancy he should still find the little girl of fifteen—and she was very little at that age; but she had grown much, and was so tall that he scarcely knew her."

"Did he bring her the animals he promised?" asked the pincushion.

"He brought the parrot and the monkey; but she said her tastes had quite changed, and she hated parrots and monkeys, they were so nasty, and begged he would not send them to her. He smiled, and said she should be obeyed.

"But you will not refuse this sprig of holly? You know you made me promise to bring you one from the tree on the lawn," said he, giving me to her.

"She took me, and laughed as she fastened me in her dress.

"He pulled a faded, shrivelled sprig from his pocket, and said, showing it to her, 'Do you remember the day I came to bid you good-bye, how we stood under the holly-tree, and you gave me this? That is four years ago, and still I have it. I wonder if you will keep my piece as long, Maude.'

"They kept up late that night, as they will to-night, I've no doubt. It must have been between two

and three in the morning when I was taken out of Maude's dress and put on the dressing-table amongst you. You did not call me old and shabby then."

"No, because you were young. But one cannot expect always to be young," said the pincushion.

"I was only left on the table that night; next day the housekeeper would have thrown me away, had not Maude stopped her. She took me and stuck me up over Frank's portrait, that used to hang over the mantelshelf. I remained there for five months, when Maude took me down, and the portrait too, and threw us into a rubbish-drawer, and there I remained till to-day, when I was dragged out with a piece of lace. I clung to the lace so tightly that Miss Maude pricked her fingers in getting us apart. She did not like that, and seemed to have forgotten me, for she threw me on the table, saying, 'How ever came that old piece of holly in my drawer?' And I have been left here ever since. I should like to go back to the portrait again," sighed the holly.

"Is that the end?" snapped the fire.

"That's all I have to tell," replied the holly.

"Do let's listen to the music," cried the fire; and then they were all silent.

The night wore on, the fire burnt low, and the candles came so dangerously near the holly wreaths that they kept saying, "We are getting so warm," and that changed to "We are much too warm. Oh! please don't burn us." But no one came to help them, and at last they cried, "We are burning! we are burning! Oh, do come and save us!"

Just then some one came into the room and cried, "Look! the candle ornaments are on fire!" and they were seized and thrown into the fire.

"That's the end of them," said the pincushion.

"Maude came back to the table, and taking a piece of mistletoe out of her band, laid it down by the side of the holly.

"Holly and mistletoe," whispered the scent-bottles: "holly last year, mistletoe this. But who gave her the mistletoe?" asked the bottles.

"Look at that portrait, and you will see," said the pincushion.

The holly looked—they all looked—at the photograph on the table.

"Is it Frank?" whispered the rose.

"No, it is not Frank," replied the holly.

"Then he didn't give her the mistletoe," said the scent-bottles.

"How could he when he is over the sea?" said the pincushion, sharply.

"Why, this is the old piece of holly Frank gave me last year. Well, it does look faded and dirty," said Maude. "I've got his portrait somewhere in that drawer. Here it is."

"That's Frank," whispered the holly.

"He is not nearly so good-looking as that one," said the pincushion.

"I am sure he is," said the holly.

"She does not think so," returned the pincushion.

Maude laid the portraits side by side, and looked at them alternately. "Charlie is the handsomer," said she.

"There, I told you so!" cried the pincushion.

"How people do change!" murmured the crimson rose.

"It's no good, I shall burn it," said Maude; and she took up Frank's portrait and threw it into the fire.

"My turn next," whispered the holly. "Good-bye, the end has come," it said to the crimson rose. It was quite true. Maude took up the holly and threw it after the picture.

"We die together," whispered the holly to the portrait, as it burst into flames, and crackled, and the sparks flew up the chimney.

"She never cared for us," sighed the portrait; then it turned to tinder, and flew after the sparks.

"Will it be our turn next year?" whispered the mistletoe.

"I hope not," replied the portrait.

"We have seen the end," sighed the rose.

"I, for one, am glad of it," said the pincushion; "but I should not like to have been 'The Sprig of Holly.'"

LAURA.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

85. Give the instances recorded in the Bible in which men lost their heads at the instigation of women.

86. In how many different ways is Joshua's name given in the Bible?

87. Give an example in which a man is rewarded in his descendants for honouring his father by obeying his commands.

88. The kings of the house of Israel were notorious at one time for their clemency. Show that this was so.

89. On one occasion St. Paul quoted Scripture to condemn one of his own acts. Give it.

90. One message sent to Jeroboam from the priest of Bethel is recorded. Quote the message, and where it is to be found.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 191.

76. 1 Kings xvi. 34.

77. The wise men who came to worship the infant Jesus (Matt. ii. 8, 12).

78. The Syrians fled from the Israelites to Aphek, and there a wall fell upon twenty and seven thousand (1 Kings xx. 30).

79. At the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt "there was not one feeble person among their tribes" (Ps. cv. 37).

80. Jesus Christ (Heb. iii. 1); Paul and Barnabas (Acts xiv. 14).

NOTICE.—To E. M. G. and others. Any books or letters for the occupant of *The Quiver* Cot may be sent to the care of the Editor of *THE QUIVER*, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

BIBLE NOTES.

STILLING THE TEMPEST (Mark iv. 35-41; Matt. viii. 23-27; Luke viii. 22-25).



HE same day" on which he had spoken the parables contained in the preceding verses of Mark iv., and on which he had performed the miracles recorded in Matt. viii. 16, and in which, as St. Luke (viii. 21) tells us, he had defined who his mother and his brethren were.

"*Let us pass over.*" No doubt he was anxious to withdraw himself for a while from the multitudes who thronged around him, to see the miracles he performed, and to hear the words he spoke, wishing to be alone with his apostles, and "those who were with them," and so by the rest which, as man, he required he might fit himself for continuing his Father's work.

"*The other side.*" Opposite to that on which he had been teaching the multitudes. This sea is called by the names of the Sea of Galilee, the Lake of Gennesaret, and the Lake of Chinnereth. On its shores some of the apostles were fulfilling their various avocations when they were summoned to be fishers of men; and here, too, many parables were spoken and miracles performed.

"*Even as he was in the ship.*" He was sitting in the ship, from which he had been instructing the people, when he made the request of his disciples to go over, and they, without hesitation, without making any preparation for the voyage, or providing food or extra raiment, immediately launched forth.

"*Other little ships.*" Probably fishing-boats, belonging to some of the people in the multitude, who, seeing him and his companions about to set sail, resolved on following him. What their motive was in doing so, we have no means of knowing.

"*A great storm of wind.*" This lake, surrounded on all sides by high hills, was subject to storms, which rushing down the mountain gorges, caused the waves to rage. This storm was such as to endanger their lives: but he was asleep; showing how calm one may sleep who has a pure conscience, and who is at peace with God, notwithstanding the unfavourable appearance of all external circumstances.

"*The waves beat into the ship.*" What a scene was this to display the power of Jesus! The gathering in of the darkness (it was evening when they started), the dashing waves, the howling winds, the rolling and tossing ship, which at times is all but filled with water.

"*Carest thou not that we perish?*" When to all human appearance they were fast sinking, his disciples wake him with great surprise and importunity, "Master, is it no concern to thee that we are all of us in the utmost danger, and hast thou no regard to what we are exposed in such a terrible extremity as this? Unless you exert some power on

our behalf, we must be lost. Master, save us; we perish."

"*He arose, and rebuked the wind.*" What an air of Divine majesty and authority is here! The Saviour stands amidst the howling tempest on the raging sea, and by the power of his word alone rebukes the wind, saying, "Peace," and to the waves, "Be still; and immediately there was a great calm."

"*Why are ye fearful?*" Having quieted the disturbed elements, he now proceeds to rebuke his followers for their want of faith. "Can you imagine," he in effect says, "that God would suffer me to be lost in a tempest? or that I would consult my own safety in the neglect of yours?"

"*Where is your faith?*" Well might he ask this question of those who had had so many signal evidences both of his power and tender care.

"*What manner of man?*" Wonder coupled with fear took possession of all who witnessed this stupendous proof of his Divinity. At one moment a storm, then a calm. Now they are in jeopardy, and again all danger has fled; and in amazement they stand before Him whom they acknowledge to have power, not only over diseases, but also over the most tumultuous elements, which instantly obey him.

How great and glorious does the blessed Redeemer appear in this miracle! He stills the tempests when they roar, and makes the storm a calm. He silences at once the noise and fury of the waves, and in the midst of its confusion, says to the raging sea, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed" (Job xxxviii. 11).

Like the storm on this lake, so does the tempest of sin thicken around the sinner. As the occupants of the boat were in apparent danger, so does he tremble on the brink of impending destruction. As they came, so does he come to the Saviour with the cry, "I perish!" He is heard; the tempest is rebuked; the sinner is saved. Peace takes possession of the soul. Who would not cheerfully commit themselves to Him who can do so great things for them? Under such a protection, how courageously may his Church ride through every storm and weather every danger! Christ is with her, and she is safe, even though he may seem to be sleeping. How easily can his power silence all our tumultuous passions, and reduce our souls to that state of quietness and assurance by which alone we are capable of enjoying ourselves and God. Feeling that we need his help, may we still cry out, "Master, Master!" and may it be the language, not of doubt or of terror, but of faith—of a faith determined, at all hazards, to adhere to him, whatever dangers may be encountered on our passage through the waves of this troublesome world, or whatever advantages are to be resigned.